crusts of ice, and the cold north wind was still blowing. I started my command as soon as possible in order to get the men into motion, intending to have them prepare their breakfast further on in some more congenial spot. The ranks were considerably thinned, a large number of the men having strayed away from the column and trudged on in the darkness of the night. As we proceeded we saw them crawl out from houses or barns or sheds or heaps of cornstraw or whatever protection from the weather they had been able to find. The hard-frozen and stony road was marked with streaks of blood from the feet of the poor fellows who limped painfully along.

And finally it turned out that all this had been for nothing. Headquarters had been disturbed by a rumor that the enemy was attempting a cavalry raid in our direction, which might have made a drawing together of our forces necessary. But the rumor proved quite unfounded. I have told the story of that dismal night so elaborately to show my reader that even in an ordinary campaign, not to be compared with the retreat of Napoleon's army from the Russian snow-fields, soldiers are sometimes exposed to hardships not always necessary, which in their effects are now and then no less destructive than powder and lead.

But on the whole the expedition to Knoxville for the relief of Burnside had been a decided success. The forced marches were well planned, and executed with

exemplary pre-
cision and spirit Congratulatory orders and complimentary
letters were flying about in great profusion. General Sherman
wrote one to General Howard in which he, with justice, com-
mended Ms conduct very highly, and charged him "to convey
to General Scktrz and Colonel Buschbeck and to all your
officers the assurance of my official and personal respect," Gen-
eral Howard, in Ms turn, was quite eloquent in praise of the